# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*
Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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[The following essays, appended to the extracts of the "Proceedings of Illinois Yearly Meeting of 1877," received the endorsement of the Representative Committee of that body.—EDS.]

## DIVINE WORSHIP.

"But the hour cometh and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship Him."

"God is a spirit and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."—JOHN, Chap. 4th, ver. 23 and 24.

Accepting these sayings of Jesus, as teaching the true foundation of all divine worship, we have been led, as a Society, to set aside instrumental music, choir singing, formal prayer, or formal services of any kind, as unessential to true worship, and a hindrance to its best form. In gathering together for public worship, we sit in silence of body, professedly with our minds withdrawn from all thoughts not having a bearing upon our duty to God or our fellow man, endeavoring to bring the spiritual nature into the ascendency and a nearness to the Great Spirit. This will lead us into a sense of our own spiritual needs, and cause prayer or asking for what we lack. It may lead into meditation upon the causes of sin and shortcoming in ourselves or others, and occasion a renewed desire to overcome the temptations that beset us or be instrumental in leading others to the power that can preserve them. Coming, as we often may, under a feeling of the love and mercy that overshadows us, we find our hearts filled to overflow with gratitude and praise in which our faith is renewed and our better nature strengthened. How far we shall realize growth and comfort from thus sitting in silence depends mostly on the sincerity and earnestness of our seeking for the right frame of mind. While sitting in silent spiritual communion, the minds of such as have received the gift of public service are often led into a sense of the condition of the gathered company, or into a fresh sight of some truth, and through this inspiration, are enabled to speak to the needs present, or open with convicting power the truth thus freshly brought before their own minds. As a company thus sit in true worship, if any are led into supplication it will be with fervent power and the souls of those gathered will feel its warmth and genuineness. If any are led into exhortation or exposition, the truths they offer will meet an answering witness in the souls of those to whom they are spoken. Thus sitting in humbleness of spirit, waiting upon the giver of spiritual sight and blessing, all can feel the fellowship of brethren under a realization of the fatherhood of God. Educated and uneducated, rich and poor, robust and feeble, can all receive blessing together and inspira-

tion suited to their needs. None are desired to preach or pray who do not feel the qualifying power of the Holy Spirit, and none are prohibited who receive this qualification. If sermon or prayer has not met the individual need of some present, the silent blessing flowing from the great Infinite Soul refreshes and helps such, and all may go away feeling stronger and more peaceful for the hour's worship.

Consistently we think with the teachings of Jesus, we believe that however profitable public worship may be, it is not the only opportunity we have, but by introversion of mind we may feel as close spiritual communion with "Our Father" while pursuing the quieter employments of the day, or while resting upon our beds, as in the public gatherings, and these moments of individual worship are often attended by the richest blessing. Inspiration fills some Scripture passage or recorded truth with a depth of meaning or richness of application unthought of before, furnishing stores from which to draw when the time of application comes, or divine love fills the heart and melts into a sweet tenderness that forbids all bitterness and gives a yearning desire for others, which we believe to be gospel love or the love of Christ flowing through our souls.

If our meetings are sometimes lifeless and cold, it is not the fault of our profession but of our failure to act upon the faith we profess, and neglect to keep the mind attentive to christian duty in our daily life. Our faith allows worship without a meeting, and a meeting to be truly one of divine worship and a season of baptism with the Holy Spirit, without a minister or human leader being present, but we recognize in the usual conditions of men a need for the help of organization, of stated hours for meeting, and of the great value of vocal prayer and of gospel preaching.

We hold, however, that offerings of prayer or sermons, to be acceptable to God, and spiritually profitable to man, must be from the prompting of the Holy Spirit and under its inspiring qualification. Sermons prepared in the wisdom of intellectual knowledge to meet the needs of a variable audience whose condition cannot be seen by intellectual sight, seem to us to necessarily lack convicting or spiritual power, though they may do much good.

We do not wish to undervalue the fullest preparation for ministerial duty by study of the Scriptures, by meditation, by acquaintance with human nature as manifested in ourselves or others, and with science in all its branches, and by the wise use of all our faculties in gaining knowledge and broadening our perceptions of Truth, but we ask that as the minister or disciple of Christ sits in the place of public worship, his or her mind may be gathered into stillness away from human willings, so that the Divine Spirit may be felt impressing it with the particular truth needed then, and which God alone can qualify us to unerringly see, or give the ability to present in convicting power. We do not feel this to be a new doctrine, but as God spoke to Moses and the prophets, and to His beloved Son, so in degree suited to our ability to receive, He speaks through Christ within, His will to those who are qualified by faith, obedience and prayer to receive and understand it.

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### THE BIBLE

We accept the Bible as being the Jewish interpretation and record of God's will and dealings toward men and nations, setting forth in the light they were capable of receiving the divine truth known to the Jews in the ages of which it bears record.

It is generally called the "Word of God;" we think the Word of God to be His spiritual voice speaking in the soul, and therefore do not use the term in speaking of the Bible. We believe the Word of God inspired the Bible writers with a sense or knowledge of the truths they wrote of, and in this meaning accept their writings as inspired writings or Sacred Scriptures.

The Bible contains a record of God's dealings with so nearly every condition of human life, that if God is not directly teaching the soul without instrumentality, we can always find within its pages instruction, comfort and encouragement suited to the present need, if it is read under a realizing sense of the great underlying truth it offers, viz.: that there is an omnipresent intelligence or power that tenderly cares for His creation. So fully accepted was this truth, that many of our most able forefathers have been willing to have every doctrine and testimony they professed tested by an intelligent interpretation of the Scriptures, while at the same time professing that the word or voice of God in the soul was the supreme authority in all matters of duty. To comprehend its value and benefit most fully, we need the same key of inspiration to open the spiritual meaning of its lessons, as gave its writers ability to see and record them; and to get the true purpose of any verse or verses, they should be read with reference to the time and object of the writer, and to the general context of the teachings on the subject treated of.

Many parts of the Old Testament are so filled with the rich imagery of the Hebrew language and of Oriental thought, that the reader needs to have his mind attuned to the

poetic feelings of the writer, to appreciate the full richness of diction and illustration, while on the other hand, the same tendency to extravagant language, governed by the old dispensation idea of a God of vengeful power, with human loves and hatreds, renders many portions of the Old Testament untrue in their representations of God and his attributes, if taken literally and without qualification; and yet these portions are often found as full of truth and beauty, when applied to our spiritual needs under a truer knowledge and more enlightened spiritual experience, as any portions of the Scripture.

All statements of truth are more or less full and clear as the writer or speaker has a greater or less comprehension of the truth in its purity and fulness. Therefore, the sayings of Jesus are accepted as altogether true, and the Sermon on the Mount stands unequaled and unchallenged in the truth of its law and the purity of its wisdom, while the sayings or writings of Moses, and other inspired writers, contain truth commensurate with their inspiration, and on the imperfections of their finite conception or rendering of it, and not on the divinely revealed truth of God's law, have been based the conflicts in the name of Christ, that have dimmed his gospel and caused Christian people to blush.

Thus accepting the Scriptures, subject to the imperfect rendering of its writers and the imperfections of translation, we need not reject any portion, nor blindly accept any in literal measure, but as we trace its almost marvelous preservation through the dark ages, find in the revelations of science increasing testimony to the truth of its statements of temporal and secondary character; and learn by the aid of the revealing Spirit, to find more and more of its spiritual riches. When we remember the light and joy it has brought in its pages to countless thousands of varied conditions, learned and ignorant, rich and poor, we must prize it as the most precious of books, the record of our Father's love and care for his children, "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness," as we read it in Paul's requirement of the revealing faith that is in Christ.

## WALKING WITH GOD.

So, then, God bids you come often from the noise and strife and tumult of life, bids you to come even from the grandeur and circumstance of its public religious worship, and shut the door that you may pray to your Father in secret. It is there your truest life is lived. It is there strength comes for the toil and weariness of life. It needs not long for this; not long to gather round you that sweet sense of Fatherhood which shall make the whole day sacred, and your work a service to God. You know how, before you start away in the morning to your toil, you have only time, perhaps, for a loving word or two to your wife, and a hasty kiss for the little ones. But how much love you may put into those few words, and what sweet memory those little kisses leave all the day long. And so a moment or two of solemn speech with God, before the great tide of busy life flows in upon the soul, one short clasp of the Father's hand, one quick glance into his holy, loving eyes, will make the whole day sacred. We need no long prayers to bring us the sweet sense of God's Fatherhood, the hidden secret communion of Him who is ever with us. I walk with my friend through a bustling, crowded street, and though I speak no word to him, the close pressure of his hand upon my arm, from time to time, tells me all I want to know. The little child, too, holding my hand through a long summer walk, he looks up into my face now and then. Look down into his, and in that look how much is said; what compact of trust and love, what bright assurance that all is fair and calm and pleasant between us. So a good man walks with God.—*George Dawson.*

## THE FOUNDING OF THE CITY OF BURLINGTON, N. J.

BY HENRY ARMITT BROWN.

Concluded from page 727.

Among those who landed on the bank at Burlington on that autumn day was Richard Noble, a surveyor. He had come with John Fenwick two years before, and his profession had naturally made him familiar with the country. To him was at once committed the duty of laying out the town—a labor in which William Matlack and others of the young men assisted. A broad and imposing main street was opened through the forest, running at right angles to the river, southward into the country. It is probable that it did not at first extend very far past the place at which we are gathered now. Another, crossing it, ran lengthwise through the middle of the island, and a third was opened on the bank. The town thus laid out was divided into twenty properties—ten in the eastern part for the Yorkshire men, and ten in the western for the London proprietors. All hands went at once to work to prepare for the winter. Marshall, a carpenter, directed the building, and the forests began to resound with the blows of his axe. A clearing was made on the south side of the main street, near Broad, and a tent pitched there as a temporary meeting-house. In a short time the settlement began

to have the appearance of a town, and, when worthy of a name, in memory of a village in old Yorkshire, was christened "Burlington." The dwellings were at first caves, dug in the banks and faced with boards, or shanties of the most primitive description. They were not built of logs, as is popularly believed. It is to the Swede alone that we owe the "block house" of our early Indian wars and the "log cabin" of political campaigns. Two Dutch travelers who saw Burlington when it was two years old, say on this point that "the English and many others have houses made of nothing but clapboards," as they call them here. They make a wooden frame, as in Westphalia and at Altona, but not so strong, then split boards of clapwood like coopers' staves, though unbent, so that the thickest is about a little finger thick, and the other is made sharp like the end of a knife. They are about five or six feet long, and are nailed on with the ends lapping over each other. . . . When it is cold and windy the best people plaster them with clay. From these details we can imagine the homes of our first settlers, "many of whom," says one of them, "had been men of good estate." That they remembered their English homes with fond affection is proved in many ways. Wills gave to one portion of the neighborhood the name of his native "Northampton," which it bears to-day, and the township of "Willingborough," where many of you dwell, recalls the name of Olive. "York" street is close at hand, though the bridge that bore that name has disappeared; and what boy is there in Burlington to-day that has not thrown a line from "London" bridge? "Oh, remember us," they write to their friends in England, "for we cannot forget you; many waters cannot quench our love, nor distance wear out the deep remembrance. . . . Though the Lord hath been pleased to remove us far away from you, as to the ends of the earth, yet are we present with you. Your exercises are ours; our hearts are dissolved in the remembrance of you." But though their thoughts turned fondly to England and their brethren, they did not repine. They found the country good; "so good," wrote one as early as the 6th of November, 1677, "that I do not see how reasonably it can be found fault with. The country and air seem very agreeable to our bodies, and we have very good stomachs to our victuals. Here is plenty of provision, of fish and fowl and good venison, not dry, but full of gravy. And I do believe that this river of Delaware is as good a river as most in the world." "I like the place well," said another, three days afterwards, "it's like to be a healthful place and very pleasant to live in." A report having spread in England that the water and soil were bad, and danger to be feared from bears, wolves, rattlesnakes and Indians—the first but not the last time that Burlington has been slandered—six of the leading settlers indignantly deny its truth, declaring that "those that cannot be contented with such a country and such land as this is, are not worthy to come here." "I affirm," said one, "that these reports are not true, and fear they were spoke from a spirit of envy. It is a country that produceth all things for the support and sustenance of man. I have seen orchards laden with fruit to admiration—their very limbs torn to pieces with the weight, and most delicious to the taste and lovely to behold. I have seen an apple-tree from a pippin kernel yield a barrel of curious cider, and peaches in such plenty that some people took their carts a peach gathering. I could not but smile at the conceit of it. I have known this summer forty bushels of bold wheat from one bushel sown. We have from the time called May till Michaelmas great store of very good wild fruit—strawberries, cranberries and whortleberries, very wholesome. Of the cranberries, 'like cherries for color and bigness,' an excellent sauce is made for venison and turkeys. Of these 'we have great plenty,' and all sorts of fish and game. Indeed, the country, take it as a wilderness, is a most brave country, and," he adds, in words that you may make use of to the world yourselves to-day, "whatever envy or evil spies may speak of it, I could wish you all here." From the Indians these settlers experienced little trouble. The Mantas, it is true, who dwelt hard by, had committed a murder at Matiniconk and plundered poor Jegou some years before the arrival of the *Kent*, but these were exceptional instances. The Leni Lenape were a peaceful race, upright in person, and straight of limb; their fierce countenances of tawny reddish-brown belied a gentle nature. Grave, even to sadness, courteous to strangers and respectful to the old, never in haste to speak, and of cool, deliberate temper, this mysterious people easily forgave injury and never forgot kindness—more than repaying the benevolent humanity of the settlers of Burlington by a forbearing friendship that lived as long as they. At the same time at which the savages of Virginia were punishing cold-blooded murder with passionate bloodshed, and scourging with fury every plantation from the Potomac to the James, and on the northern sky the light of blazing villages, from one end of New England to the other, marked the despairing vengeance of King Philip, the banks of Delaware smiled in unbroken peace, and the simple hearted native, conscious of the fate

that would speedily overtake his people, which no one foretold sooner or so touchingly as he, was saying in a council here in Burlington: "We are your brothers, and intend to live like brothers with you. We will have a broad path for you and us to walk in. If an Indian be asleep in this path the Englishman shall pass him by, and do him no harm; and if an Englishman be asleep in it, the Indian shall pass him by, and say, 'He is an Englishman; he is asleep; let him alone.' The path shall be plain—there shall not be in it a stump to hurt the feet."

The soil fertile, the climate healthy, the situation good and the Indian friendly, the little settlement soon became a prosperous colony. Ships began to come with emigrants from different parts of England. The *Willing Mind*, from London, with 60 passengers; the "flie-boat" *Martha*, from the older Burlington, with 114; the *Shield*, from Hull, and several more beside. It is this last one of which the story is told that, tacking too near the high shore called "Coaquannock," her masts caught in an overhanging tree, and her passengers, unconscious of the Philadelphia that was soon to be, were struck by the beauty of the site, and spoke of its fitness for a town. The forests were felled and farms sprang up in all directions. Ollive's new mill, on the "Mill Creek," that runs into Rancocas, was quickly built. The trade with Barbadoes was begun by Mahlon Stacy and others, as early as the winter of 1679–80, whose "ketch of fifty tons" met with the good fortune their enterprise deserved. By an Act of Assembly in the following year, "all vessels bound to the province" were "obliged to enter and clear at" its "chief town and head," "the Port of Burlington;" and, at the same time, two annual fairs were provided for in the market street, "for all sorts of cattle and all manner of merchandise." But, in the bustle of the growing town and the attractious of an opening trade, other things were not forgotten. The first act of the meeting was to provide for the collections of money once a month for "ye support of ye poor," and the next to consider "selling of rum unto Indians," and whether it "be lawful att all for friends professing truth to be concerned in itt." It has been said the Quaker has never been the friend of education. These, at least, are two honorable truths in the history of Burlington: That there before 1690 William Bradford found work and welcome for his printing-press; and her people, before William Penn had ever set foot on American soil, commemorated the fifth anniversary of their settlement by consecrating "to the use of the public schools" the broad acres of Matiniconk, and have kept them piously devoted to that purpose from that day to this.

How fortunate would it have been, my friends of Burlington, if the spirit had moved one of those early settlers to have given posterity a sketch of the daily life of the young colony. How delightful to have been able to see, as with the eye of a cotemporary, the infant town. The forest of oak and sassafras and birch and maple encircling the island; the broad main street cut through the clearing, and but lately freed from stumps; the clapboard houses beginning to rise on every side; Samuel Jennings, on the corner of Pearl street, the new Governor, "a man of both spiritual and worldly wisdom, a suppressor of vice and an encourager of virtue;" and Thomas Gardiner's next, where the meetings are held till the new place of worship can be built. It is at one of these, perhaps, that the Labadists dined in 1679, on their way to Tinnicum and Upland. "The Quakers," they write, "are a very worldly people. On the window we found a copy of *Virgil*, as if it had been a common handbook, and Helmont's *Book on Medicine*." How pleasant, too, to walk in imagination along the bank of the newly-surveyed river lots and admire the good ship *Shield*, as she lies in the stream moored by a long rope to a leaning buttonwood that stands by the water's edge, or watch yonder canoe as it comes swiftly across the river, laden with the fat carcass of a noble buck. The village is full of cheery noise, the constant sound of the hammer and the saw, and every now and then a crash, like distant thunder, tells of the falling of some giant tree. Now, perhaps, a horn blown from Thomas Gardiner's calls the town meeting together to appoint ten men to help lay out the town's share of a road through the wilderness to Salem, or four of the proprietors to get to work to drain the meadows, or solemnly resolve "that the townfolk meet at 5 o'clock the next morning to go and clear the brush up on the island." It may be market day, and here are Indians with venison and turkeys and plenty of wild fruit for sale; or yonder, on a stump, Ollive, the Magistrate, holds his rustic court, and, while his neighbors stand reverently by, dispenses impartial justice. The Sabbath morning comes to begin the busy week, and the little town is still. The hammer and the saw are laid aside, and the axe rests undisturbed against the tree. All is so quiet that the rustling of the dead leaves can be heard as they fall through the frosty air, and the cawing of the crows, as they rise from their roost in the distant pines. No sentinel with leathern doublet, his matchlock resting in the hollow of his arm, stands guard by yonder house, or watches with sus-

picious eye, his hand upon his cutlass, the curious savage who walks unbidden to the door. Within is gathered a little company, seated in solemn silence, or listening with rapt attention as one of their number, with rude but reverent manner, and, perhaps, unlettered speech, talks of the Inner Light and of the goodness of Him who placed them in the wilderness, and protects them there.

A simple anecdote, recorded by a descendant, and until now forgotten for a century, is worthy of remembrance. "Tradition delivers," he says, "that when Thomas Ollive acted in the quadruple character of governor, preacher, tanner and miller, a customer asked, 'Well, Thomas, when can my corn be ground?' 'I shall be at the Assembly next Third day,' replied the good man, 'and I will bring it for thee behind me on my horse.'" Such were your governors in those early days. *O rara temporum simplicitas!* What wonder, then, that the seed planted by those hands took root and brought forth fruit an hundredfold? What wonder that the strong right arm of men like this conquered the forest and made the wilderness to bloom? What wonder that, as this godly people looked back to those days beyond the stormy sea their hearts were stirred within them, and they cried, "Blessed be the God of Abrabam, of Isaac and of Jacob, that has called us not hither in vain?" "He was with us, and is with us; yea, He hath made our way for us, and proved and confirmed us to His word and providence! The desert sounds, the wilderness rejoices; a visitation outwardly and inwardly is come to America; God is the Lord of all the earth, and at the setting of the sun will His name be famous." . . .

The speaker concluded with an allusion to the more recent history of the quiet town of Burlington, calling up in review the names of many of its departed worthies, with appropriate tributes to them.

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

## REFLECTIONS.

My attention is frequently arrested by the beautiful imagery and significant illustrations of the inspired prophet. In the description of his experience we often find points suited to our own states. He says, "I will call on the Lord, so shall I be saved from my enemies," and he represents these enemies as "lively and strong." Now, we have the same necessity to call upon divine aid for help to contend with ours. The human appetites and passions are still "lively and strong," and if suffered to rule will keep the mind in subjection to the body; but if, with the sweet singer of Israel, our confidence is placed upon the Divine Arm, we, too, shall be able to run through a troop and leap over a wall.

If "the eye be kept single," a way will open where there seems to be no way. He "saw the Lord always before him, and therefore was not moved. This is the only safe spot for us, by which we shall be enabled to adopt the language, "The Lord is my rock and my high tower, my shield and my defence."

The world of mankind is looking for something great, and is not willing to come to where God is to be known in the secret of the heart, for this is not in accordance with the will of the creature, that would prefer doing, hearing or speaking—anything rather than to *wait*. But it is only as we become obedient to the impressions of duty, as they are made known, that we can experience an advancement in the truth or a growth in the spiritual life. The more we become acquainted with this precious life, that is wounded by every departure from the right, the more fully we shall be redeemed from the world and understand what the apostle meant by an entrance being ministered unto us abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This is a gradual work, for this kingdom is to be known in us, preparing us to enter into that which is eternal. WM. S. BEDFORD.

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## RELIGION IS COMPLETENESS.

If a man is what God made him to be, right in himself, right in relation to his fellows, right in his relation to God, religion cannot make him any more or any better. This rightness is religion.

And lastly, if he is not thus right, the highest and the only true work of religion must be to make him such. And when the work of religion is complete, and it has brought the manhood to what it ought to be, it has only succeeded in making the perfect man.

The perfectly religious man is only what he was made to be. And he who fails in this fails in the very first and highest essential of being a man. He is something one side of, and less than, what he was made for.

An irreligious man is a failure, just as a mowing machine is a failure when it will not mow, no matter what else it does. No matter how beautiful its make. No matter how high its finish nor how bright its painted decorations. It was made for a distinct and special purpose; if it fails in that, it fails of being a true mowing machine. So a man may be whatever else he will, if he fails of being what he was made to be, just in so far he comes short of being a man.—*M. J. Savage.*

From the Public Ledger.

## INTEGRITY IN LITTLE THINGS.

There is a general disposition to grade the guilt of injustice according to the degree of pecuniary injury which it inflicts, or the amount of gain which it secures. The robbery of a bank, the fraudulent transaction by which thousands of dollars are made to change hands, the heavy defalcation which involves whole families in ruin, meet with the public disgrace and reprobation which they deserve; but trifling invasions of right, small encroachments upon honor, unfaithful service, petty pilfering, broken promises, and a host of the lesser breaches of good faith pass by unnoticed, or receive only a weak and inefficient censure. When no one is very seriously hurt the common impression is that no great harm is done. The enormity of the offence is gauged alone by the material results, and the margin which divides the right from the wrong is thus continually overstepped.

Few persons pause to consider the effect of this toleration. Far from being a merciful forbearance, it is cruel in encouraging and fostering the beginnings of a course that leads to shame and ruin. For injustice, dishonesty and fraud do not spring into existence full grown crimes. They *grow*, slowly, surely and steadily from small beginnings. If we would war against them successfully, it is their germs that we should attack. If these are suffered to take root and develop, the work of extirpation will be tenfold more difficult, and, it may be, impossible. A man does not sink suddenly from honor and integrity to theft or forgery. He undergoes a long and gradual process of degradation before he reaches that goal. Many preliminary steps have been taken that have been extenuated or ignored on account of their trifling effects, even though consciously unjust. Had these steps been arrested, had society condemned them, had his friends openly censured them, had the voice of conscience been encouraged instead of deadened, never could he have done the deed which has at length plunged him into public ignominy.

Much of the injustice and corruption that now blots our mercantile and political honor has its source in this light and indifferent way in which the beginnings of a dishonorable course are regarded—in the indulgent glossing over of acts intrinsically unjust, because their effects are not appreciably felt. Even in the home and the school are such seeds sown and nurtured. Children are quick to perceive the standard of integrity held by those around them, and to catch the prevailing tone of moral feeling. When they hear injustice condemned in large things and palliated in small ones; when their own childish depredations are treated with levity, or passed over with indifference; when deceitful practices are tolerated, and simply troublesome habits are punished, it is not strange that they learn to measure the guilt of dishonesty only by the material loss or annoyance entailed. So the young man, just commencing life in the workshop, the store or the office, finds that, up to a certain extent, slippery dealing is tacitly permitted—that if he avoid causing serious annoyance to his employers, and especially if he shrewdly advance their interest, he may practice unnoticed little secret appropriations, or use unfairly the time for which he is paid; and thus gradually he comes to use the limit of detection as his only standard of integrity. The manufacturer, in like manner, will adulterate his goods just enough to increase his profits without lessening his sales; the tradesman will make undue charges when he expects no investigation; the employer will deal unfairly with those who have no redress. It is not strange that such beginnings should sometimes have the terrible endings of crimes that public opinion at length visits with her severest penalties.

Even this rapid progress in evil doing is not the worst effect; for while a few are sinking to these depths, multitudes are learning to adopt a false standard of honesty, learning to value faithfulness only for what it brings, and to tread the paths of meanness and double dealing just as far as they can make them pay. The whole principle of justice is thus set at naught, and its spirit utterly lost. For justice maintains an upright attitude; she disdains to consider the chances of detection or the hope of gain; she spurns the paltry enticements of secrecy, or the temptation to condone an offence because the gain is but small. She is true in thought as well as in deed, in the least as much as in the greatest. It is this spirit alone that can purify our moral atmosphere and protect our community from the stains of dishonor.

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THOSE who do the will of God heartily will do it speedily; while we delay time is lost and the heart hardened.

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## LOCAL INFORMATION.

Haddonfield First-day School Union held its Quarterly Meeting at Moorestown, N. J., on the 29th ult. Owing to the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Philadelphia Association having been held in the morning at the same place, there was quite a number of Friends from other Unions in attendance. Nearly all the delegates answered to their

names, and the meeting-house was well filled. The reports from the several schools that compose Haddonfield Union were of more than ordinary merit, and gave evidence of increasing diligence in the useful work in which they are engaged.

Excellent counsel was handed forth by many earnest friends of the cause, and the teachers of the schools represented were exhorted to be faithful in their classes, using the opportunity afforded them to train the children to love the noble testimonies held by our religious Society.

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Frankford Circular Meeting, held on the 6th inst., was the largest gathering that has convened in that time honored locality for a great while, the majority being men. The entire service of the occasion was of great interest, and a spirit of inquiry appeared to be awakened among the people assembled. The practical character of the offerings, their close application to every-day life and its manifold duties and obligations, the necessity of purity and uprightness in our intercourse with one another, and the enduring faithfulness of our Heavenly Father through all the wanderings and deviations of His erring children, were held forth with power. A covering of divine favor was felt to overshadow the assembly throughout the entire meeting. All differences of sects appeared to be lost in that unity of spirit which is the bond of peace. R.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

*To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer:*

In your issue of the 8th of last month I noticed a communication from our friend T. H., in relation to the Second Query for Ministers and Elders. I had looked forward with interest for a reply, having in common with all rightly concerned members of Society a deep interest in a pure and living Gospel Ministry. I am well aware that one who is not connected with that body—the Meeting of Ministers and Elders—cannot appreciate fully the difficulties experienced in answering the query alluded to, and in some brief remarks I may be accused of presumption and ignorance.

The query reads thus: "Are Ministers sound in word and doctrine; careful to minister in the ability which God gives?" and in some old copies are the added words, "and thereby kept from burdening the living."

I think it must be evident that, if Ministers are careful to minister in the ability which God gives, and *never, excepting when thus authorized*, there can be no question as to such Ministry being "sound in word and doctrine."

But now the difficulty arises: An eloquent, popular Minister, perhaps, finds the Gospel message *so* plain and *so* simple that, instead of giving it as he has received it, he proceeds to embellish and enlarge upon it, thinking thereby to improve it, and giving, perhaps, in addition some matters of speculative opinion, which, though his discourse may have the *semblance* of "sound doctrine," is a burden to the living members of the Society.

With such Ministry a difficulty may arise in answering the query respecting "sound doctrine," but the fault does not appear to be so much in the query as in the condition of those who are required to answer it. An omission of that part of the query might afford a temporary relief, but it would most probably be a movement in the wrong direction, as it would lower the standard to meet the weakness of Society, instead of elevating the Society to meet the requirements of Discipline. With the view of bringing out a response from an abler source, I present the above remarks for consideration. G.

## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 12, 1878.

We are desired by the writer of the article "An Evening with the Stars," which appeared in a late number, to say that it was written for a Maryland paper, whose readers are probably less familiar with such subjects than those of the *Intelligencer*, and was therefore put in as simple a form as possible, and without alluding to points that are of great interest to more advanced readers. The distances also were given in "round numbers," so as to be more easily remembered.

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We have received from H. O. Houghton & Co., publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, a life size lithographic portrait of the poet Whittier. This interesting and beautiful picture is furnished to all the subscribers of the *Atlantic Monthly* at the cost of one dollar.

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The Religion of the Red Man.—As most of our readers feel a warm interest in everything that relates to the Indians, a short account of a lecture on "The Religion of the Red Man," delivered by A. B. Meacham, of the Modoc Indian Peace Commission, will doubtless be acceptable.

The lecture was given under the auspices of the "Spring Garden Institute, in the hall at the corner of Broad and Spring Garden streets, on the evening of the 28th ult." The audience was much too small for the importance of the occasion and the amount of information given concerning the religion and the social customs of the Indians of our far Northwest. The long years of labor and of study spent by the lecturer, in immediate contact with these tribes, have given him an insight into the inner life of the Indian that very few white men have ever gained their confidence sufficiently to obtain.

In explaining the religion of the Indian, A. B. M. stated that the Medicine Man is their priest, and believes himself called to the office by the Great Spirit; no Indian ever seeking to assume the position on account of the great resposibilities it involves. The Medicine Man officiates upon all occasions of importance, in peace and war, sickness and death, funeral ceremonies and in marriage feasts, "Wherever a band of Indians is found, there is a Medicine Man."

The lecturer said, "the Indian is the most religious of men; he undertakes nothing that he does not first invoke the aid of the Great Spirit in its accomplishment," and according to the traditions of his faith is much truer to its teachings than his more civilized brother, who claims to live under the guidance of the peaceable religion of Jesus, yet fails to carry out its divine precepts. The Medicine Power is the ruling force of the uncivilized Indian's life. It is to him all that religion and medicine are to civilized man, and the reverence and love of the Indian for his own kind of medicine stands greatly in the way of his civilization.

In the graphic pictures given by the lecturer of Indian customs no one could fail to be instructed, and the sympathies of the audience followed him through a thrilling description of the charge of the soldiers upon the lava beds in the memorable war with the Modocs.

A. B. M. appears to be thoroughly in earnest in his efforts to awaken a deeper interest in the remnants of the tribes that were once so powerful, and every true friend of these people, so long misunderstood and so deeply wronged by the white race, must rejoice that they have a champion so able to plead their cause.

In connection with his other efforts, A. B. M. has started a monthly paper, which he calls *The Council Fire*, its columns to be devoted to the American Indian, and our relations to him as a people and a government. It will be published in Philadelphia at $1 per year. The first number is well stored with interesting details concerning the manners and customs of Indian life, and will doubtless be followed by others equally worthy the attention of its readers.

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DIED.

PASSMORE.—On the 17th of Twelfth month, 1877, in New Castle county, Del., after a severe illness of twelve days, Thomas Hoopes, in his 20th year, youngest son of Wm. and Orpha Passmore, members of Kennett Monthly Meeting.

His was the promise of a noble life. Good, pure, truthful and gifted, his loss is deeply felt.

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From the New York Tribune.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Seventy years ago to day, in a small farmhouse on the northern bank of the Merrimack river, between Amesbury and Haverhill, a boy was born to a Quaker father and mother. His growing senses first showed him the world as a lonely hollow between hills overgrown with dark woods of hackmatack and pine, with a little brook winding through its center, and plenty of rough gray rock. He grew up slender, rather delicate of frame, with dark hair and eyes, also with the silent, brooding nature which belongs peculiarly to the members of his sect, yet with a sensitiveness to both external and spiritual impressions, to the influences of Nature and the utterances of inspired men, which, even then, separated him wholly from his youthful companions. The simple life of his father seemed to be destined for him, as of theirs for them. But the quiet boy was a poet, and his feet had already turned aside forever from their paths. When he was only eighteen years old his first poem was published in a Newburyport paper, then edited by William Lloyd Garrison. It was called "The Sea;" he has never reprinted it in his works, and has probably wholly forgotten the lines. Ten years afterward another boy, eight years old, found them in an ancient tattered newspaper, and has kept this first stanza securely in his memory:

"Unfathomed deep, unfettered waste,
Of never ending waves!

Each by its rushing follower chased
Through unillumined caves,
Beneath the rocks, whose turrets rude,
Even since the birth of Time,
Have heard, amid their solitude,
The billows' ceaseless chime."

This is a remarkably finished verse for a boy of eighteen, even though that boy was John Greenleaf Whittier. It indicates a sense of harmony and proportion which was afterwards partially suppressed by his overruling conscience and zeal as a reformer, and has only reappeared in his later poetry. We have no circumstantial records of the transition period between his 20th year, when he was still working on his father's farm, and his 23d year, when, in conjunction with George D. Prentice, he began to edit the New England *Weekly Review*, published at Hartford by John J. Phelps. It was undoubtedly a time of trial and uncertainty; and then, when his name as a poet was beginning to be favorably known, he took the daring step which, for many years thereafter, seemed to shut him out from a place in his country's literature. His peaceful Quaker garb covered a soul alive with courage, and ever ready for righteous battle. About the year 1832 he became impressed with the great wrong of human slavery, and threw aside all other aims of his life to join the little band of despised and persecuted Abolitionists.

Whittier's poetry suddenly and even startlingly changed in character. The entire force of his conscience, the fire of his moral indignation, and the intensity of his feeling, as a man and as a patriot, were poured into his verse until it pierced almost like a cry to the very hearts of his readers. He became the voice for which a few had been wearily waiting, yet which exasperated and terrified the whole country. To those few, therefore, Whittier at once became a prophet; to the many, an object of utter detestation. At a time when the influence of the South was predominant in our national councils, and when the South still possessed some of her great men, it was the extreme of defiance to hurl against Governor McDuffie, of South Carolina, such scathing invective as this:

"King of Carolina, hail!
Last champion of Oppression's battle,
Lord of rice tierce and cotton bale,
Of sugar-box and human cattle!"

Even as late as 1844, Poe, in his paper of *Autographs of Authors*, did not dare to speak of Whittier except to sneer at him. For four years—from 1836 to 1840—the poet edited the *Pennsylvania Freeman* in Philadelphia, and then retired to his home in Amesbury, where he has since lived a quiet, but not a secluded life. Whenever a strong word needed to be said, a fervent protest to be uttered, or a good cause to be helped by an appeal which had the feeling and force of a prayer, his voice has never been silent. He is the only American poet who has ever narrowly escaped personal violence at the hands of a mob, and yet who has lived to be almost embarrassed by the measure of affection and reverence poured in upon him. The justice which time has brought him is a source of thanksgiving to all his countrymen. Had he died twenty-five years ago it would have associated his memory with a certain sadness and regret. For our own sake, as for his, we rejoice that he still lives.

It is well, also, for his literary renown, that he has been allowed to fill the psalmist's allotment of years. Although, after the year 1850, his circle of readers was steadily growing, and his permanent place in our literature was secure, he could not be called a popular poet until the publication of his "Snow Bound," in 1866. This poem, which seemed like the work of some Bloomfield in a higher sphere of intellect and imagination than the English, opened to him every door which had been previously closed. Since then he is known to all, as once to the few. The tributes spontaneously offered to him by his brother authors in advance of this 70th birthday are such as no man in America has ever received. And they speak, moreover, for thousands, nay millions, who are silent. We have learned, fortunately, that the age thus commemorated is not that where the poet's productiveness ceases. A greater age fails to mar the grace of Bryant's hand; Longfellow, nearly a year older than Whittier, has written few poems of such vivid and picturesque beauty as his last, "Leap of Roushan Beg;" and the same number of the *Atlantic Monthly* contains a poem by Whittier himself, which shows all the rhythmical sweetness and spiritual suggestiveness of his best years. Long may he live to enjoy the last fortune which comes to a poet—the knowledge that his songs are welcome to the world!

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A GRATEFUL RESPONSE.—The *Literary World* of First month contains the following neat and graceful acknowledgement by J. G. Whittier, of the many tributes of affection and interest paid him on his 70th birthday:

"Beside that milestone where the level sun,
Nigh unto setting, sheds his last, low rays
On word and work irrevocably done,
Life's blending threads of good and ill outspun,
I hear, O friends! your words of cheer and praise,
Half doubtful if myself or otherwise,
Like him who, in the old Arabian joke,
A beggar slept and crowned a Caliph woke.
Thanks not the less. With not unglad surprise
I see my life-work through your partial eyes;
Assured, in giving to my home-taught songs

A higher value than of right belongs,
You do but read between the written lines
The finer grace of unfulfilled designs."
*Twelfth mo.*, 1877. J. G. W.

From the Popular Science Monthly.

## MICHAEL SERVETUS.

Concluded from page 731.

After the sitting of September 1st, in compliance with a wish previously expressed by the court, Calvin, surrounded by a staff of ministers, proceeded to the jail to visit the prisoner. Calvin having then opened upon him with a bigoted lecture, the consequences are easily imagined; the interview ended as it could only end—with increased irritation on both sides. From this time (and we cannot but excuse the man), Servetus became more intemperate and aggressive on Calvin; not only indisposed to yield one jot or tittle, but negligent also of opportunities to defend his conclusions. Perhaps he knew it was useless to argue, for, as a Spanish proverb says, "No man is so deaf as he who *will not* hear." Perhaps Perrin and Berthelier, the leaders of the Libertines, too, had fed his brain with false hopes and promises.

The trial was now interrupted through differences between Calvin and the city fathers about municipal affairs. On September 15th Servetus wrote to the council a letter, from which we quote the first paragraph:

"My most Honored Lords—I humbly entreat of you to put an end to these great delays, or to exonerate me of the criminal charge. You must see that Calvin is at his wit's end, and knows not what more to say, but for his pleasure would have me rot here in prison. The lice eat me up alive; my breeches are in rags, and I have no change—no doublet, and but a single shirt in tatters. I have also demanded to have a counsel assigned me. This would have been granted me in my native country; and here I am a stranger, and ignorant of the laws and customs of the land. Yet you have given counsel to my accuser,* refusing it to me."

On the 22d of September, perhaps instigated by Berthelier, Servetus took a bold step; he accused Calvin as his calumniator, and asked him to be declared subject to the law of retaliation; but the council took no more notice of this than they had of the previous petition. The appeal to the churches of Switzerland caused another pause in the proceedings, and Michael Servetus, October 10th, forwarded the following letter to the council:

"Most Noble Lords—It is now about three weeks since I petitioned for an audience, and still I have no reply. I entreat you, for the love of Jesus Christ, not to refuse me that you would grant to a Turk, when I ask for justice at your hands. As to what you may have commanded to be done for me in the way of cleanliness, I have to inform you that nothing has been done, and that I am in a more filthy plight than ever. In addition, I suffer terribly from the cold, and from colic, and my rupture, which causes me miseries of other kinds, I should feel shame in writing about more particularly. It is very cruel that I am neither allowed to speak nor to have my most pressing wants supplied; for the love of God, sirs, in pity or in duty, give orders in my behalf!"

This appeal of the prisoner, as far as his needs were concerned, met with an immediate response; but the audience was never granted. The answers of the Swiss churches arrived at last, and as Calvin had been their inspirer, and they had been taken in concert, they unanimously condemned Servetus' theological views. On the 26th of October the council solemnly assembled and condemned Servetus to be burned alive with his books; the sentence to be carried into effect on the morrow! In a letter to Farrel, alluding to the vain attempts made by Perrin, the first syndic, by delay and entreaty, to save the prisoner's life, Calvin speaks of the merciful man by the nickname under which he was wont to characterize his great Libertine opponent, and says:

"Our comical Cæsar (Perrin), having feigned illness for three days, mounted the tribune at length, with a view to aid the 'wicked scoundrel' to escape punishment. Nor did he blush to demand that the cause might be remitted to the Council of the Two Hundred. But in vain; all was refused, the prisoner was condemned, and to-morrow he will suffer death."

The sentence was imparted to Servetus in the early morning of the following day—his last. Encouraged by the Libertines, and knowing himself guilty of no intentional blasphemy, he had never thought it possible that he would be condemned to death. He was at first as if struck dumb by the intelligence. He did but groan and sigh, as though his heart would burst, and cry, in his native language, "Misericordia!" Having by degrees recovered self-possession, he requested to see Calvin. Accompanied by two councilors, Calvin entered the prison and asked what he wanted of him. Servetus had the heroic virtue to ask pardon of him—the man who had brought him to his death! Hard to say: the intolerant despot of Geneva, devoid of all humanity, had not a word of mercy for

*Germain Colladon was introduced as counsel for Nicolas La Fontaine, and continued all through the trial as Calvin's champion.

his victim, when a word of his would have saved him!

An hour before noon of October 27, 1553, Servetus was taken from his jail to receive his sentence from my lords the councilors and justices of Geneva. The tribunal, in conformity with custom, assembled before the porch of the Hôtel-de-Ville, and received the prisoner, all standing. The proper officer then proceeded to recapitulate the heads of the process against him, "Michael Servetus, of Villanova, in the kingdom of Aragon, in Spain," in which he is charged with having published books at variance with the received dogmas of the day, and with otherwise disseminating opinions contrary to those set forth by Calvin and others of the Reformation.

For these causes they had deemed it right to condemn Servetus to be burned alive, along with his books.

Thus they hoped to purge their church of infection, and to make of Michael Servetus an example to deter others from free thought on matters of conscience and of faith.

The staff, according to custom, was then broken over the prisoner, and there was silence for a moment. The terrible sentence pronounced, the silence that followed was first broken by Servetus; not to sue for mercy, for he knew there was no appeal, but to entreat that the manner of carrying it out might be commuted for one less dreadful. "He feared," he said, "that, through excess of pain, he might prove faithless to himself, and belie the convictions of his life. If he had erred, it was in ignorance; he was so constituted, mentally and morally, as to desire the glory of God, and had always striven to abide by the teaching of the Scriptures." His appeal to the humanity of the judges, however, met with no response. He prayed God to forgive his enemies and persecutors, and then exclaimed: "O God, save my soul! O Jesus, Son of the Eternal God, have compassion upon me!" From the Hôtel-de-Ville he was taken to Champel. While on the way thither, Farel, the minister who accompanied him, tried to wring from him an avowal of his error, and the prayer, "Jesus, thou Eternal Son of God!" The unhappy Servetus, with a martyr's faith, only replied in broken invocation, "Jesus, thou Son of the Eternal God, have compassion upon me!"

"When he came in sight of the fatal pile, the wretched Servetus prostrated himself on the ground, and for a while was absorbed in prayer. Rising and advancing a few steps, he found himself in the hands of the executioner, by whom he was made to sit on a block, his feet just reaching the ground. His body was then bound to the stake behind him by several turns of an iron chain, while his neck was secured in like manner by the coils of a hempen rope. His two books—the one in manuscript sent to Calvin in confidence six or eight years before for his strictures, and a copy of the one lately printed at Vienne—were then fastened to his waist, and his head was encircled in mockery with a chaplet of straw and green twigs bestrewed with brimstone. The deadly torch was then applied to the fagots and flashed in his face; and the brimstone catching, and the flames rising, wrung from the victim such a cry of anguish as struck terror into the surrounding crowd. After this he was bravely silent; but the wood being purposely green, a long half-hour elapsed before he ceased to show signs of life and suffering. Immediately before giving up the ghost, with a last expiring effort, he cried aloud, 'Jesus, thou Son of the Eternal God, have compassion upon me!' All was then hushed save the cracking of the green wood; and by-and-by there remained no more of what had been Michael Servetus but a charred and blackened trunk, and a handful of ashes."

Thus perished a noble man of whom his age was not worthy—the victim of murderous religious bigotry. But the crime that had been committed shocked the humanity of Geneva, even in that dark period, and, before the year was out, Calvin was driven to self-defence, and displayed the remorseless traits of his character by libeling the man whom he had slain. It is said that, in this persecution unto death, he only manifested the spirit of his age, and must be judged by that standard. While this may be true, it is also happily true that in the lapse of centuries better standards have arisen, by which the character of Calvin will be given over to execration, while that of Servetus will be increasingly honored as that of an heroic Christian martyr.

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### THE CEDAR MINES OF NEW JERSEY.

Among the productions of Cape May county are the "cedar mines"—swamps in which are buried large trees of the white cedar, *cupressus thyoides* of the botanists. These mines contain trees buried to a depth of varying from three to ten feet, the one across the other, and there is abundant evidence that they are the growth of different successive forests. In these very swamps forests of the same trees are now growing. The miners thrust an iron rod into the soft mud, over which often the water lies. In striking a buried tree the workman will, by several soundings, tell how it lies, which is its root end, and how thick it is. He then manages to get a chip of the tree, and by its smell determines at once whether it is worth the labor

of mining, that is, whether the tree be a *windfall* or a *breakdown*. If a breakdown, it is so because it was decayed when standing; if a windfall, the tree fell while sound, and has been preserved by the antiseptic nature of the peat marsh in which it is buried. The soft earth is then removed. This makes a pit in the swamp. Into this the water soon flows, and fills it up. The saw is now introduced, and at regular intervals a cut is made through the tree, when the log floats to the surface. The log of a sound tree will turn over when it floats up, the lower side thus becoming uppermost. Trees are sometimes obtained which will yield 10,000 shingles, worth $20 per thousand. A layer of such trees is found covered by another layer, and these again by another, and even a third, while living trees may still be growing over all.—*Late paper.*

### IN THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH.

BOSTON, 1677.

She came and stood in the Old South Church,
A wonder and a sign,
With the look the old-time sibyls wore,
Half crazed and half divine.

Save the mournful sackcloth about her wound,
Unclothed as the primal mother,
With limbs that trembled and eyes that burned,
With a fire she dared not smother.

Loose on her shoulders fell her hair
With sprinkled ashes gray;
She stood in the broad aisle, strange and weird
As a soul at the judgment day!

And the minister paused in his sermon's midst,
And the people held their breath;
For these were the words that the maiden spoke
Through lips as pale as death:

"Repent, repent! ere the Lord shall speak
In thunder and breaking peals!
Let all men worship Him in the way
That His light within reveals.

"Thus saith the Lord! With equal feet
All men my courts shall tread;
And priest and ruler no more shall eat
My people up like bread!"

She shook the dust from her naked feet,
And her sackcloth closer drew;
And into the porch of the awe-hushed church,
She passed like a ghost from view.

They whipped her away at the tail 'o the cart,
(Small blame to the angry town!)
But the words she uttered that day nor fire
Could burn nor water drown.

To-day the aisles of the ancient church
By equal feet are trod;
And the bell that swings in its belfry rings
Freedom to worship God.

And now, whenever a wrong is done,
It thrills the conscious walls;
The stone from the basement cries aloud,
And the beam from the timber calls.

There are steeple houses on every hand,
And the pulpits that bless and ban;
And the Lord will not grudge the single church
That is set apart for man.

For in two commandments are all the law
And the prophets under the sun,
And the first is last, and the last is first,
And the twain are verily one.

So, long as Boston shall Boston be,
And her bay tides rise and fall,
Shall freedom stand in the Old South Church
And plead for the rights of all!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier, in the Atlantic Monthly for November.*

### MY GARDEN.

BY C. C. PENDLETON.

Far down within my heart,
In loveliest bloom my flowers grow;
Nor summer's heat, nor winter's snow,
Nor fiercest wind that loves to blow,
Can growth or blight impart.

They grow unseen, unsought—
Roses of joy—all bright and fair,
Shed sweetest fragrance on the air;
And, gathered close with tender care,
Are pansies—flowers of thought.

Within a sheltered spot,
And sacred to the loving friends,
Whose touch or voice, unthinking, lends
A brighter lustre, nods and bends
The blue "forget-me-not."

And when a time of gloom
Falls on me, and through weary hours
The tear-drops fall in heavy showers,
I often see, among my flowers,
The tender "heart's-ease" bloom.

And all about are set,
Emblems of purity and grace,
The swaying lilies; and I place
In clusters close the bending face
Of modest violet.

If I could only know
How best to keep, with loving care,
My garden ever fresh and fair,
That rarest blossoms, rooted there,
Might always thrive and grow—

Then I might dare to ope
The gates of silence, and to say,
Come in, and gather while ye may
These flowers springing in life's way,
Love, Consolation, Hope.

From the Christian Register.

### THE IMPORTANCE OF THE HOME.

The home makes the child, the child the man, the man the State. The nation has for its primary cells, the units of which it is compounded, the family. The measure of any civilization is the grade of its domestic life. The laws of nations, the opinions of publics are the outgrowth of the customs and trainings of the nurseries. The influences that go forth from the hearthstone clasp round the earth and touch all the ages. In every na-

tion to-day it is its homeless members who are the greatest source of peril, burden and charge to it. An English author, writing of the seven curses of London, mentions as the very first the host of homeless children. It is they, he declares, who so continually recruit the number of its paupers and criminals. In this country, similarly, Mr. Bruce, treating of the dangerous classes of New York, assigns as a chief cause of their existence the loss of home in childhood. Of the 8,000 inmates of juvenile reformatories in the United States in 1870, 55 per cent. were orphans or half orphans. In France statistics tell the same story.

And, contrariwise, wherever the tone of an age has been particularly elevated, where society has been pure and civil freedom has prospered, there we find the family honored. The Fourth Commandment of the Decalogue proclaims to the people of Israel as the only condition on which they may enjoy a long national existence—the maintenance of filial piety and reverence. Those who seek the secret of that wonderful preservation of the Jewish race, undissolved by its wide dispersion in all quarters of the globe, may find it, we believe, simply in that peculiar honor in which, from the time of Moses down, the Jew has held family purity and domestic life.

So, too, with that Anglo Saxon reverence for civil law which has carried England and America through so many political crises without loss either of liberty or order. Is it not directly connected with the Anglo-Saxon love of home and its habits of family discipline? The permanence of our republican institutions is contingent simply upon that law-abiding and forbearing temper which family relations daily inculcate, and the constant model of a free government which a well-conducted home affords.

One of the alarming features of modern times, to the social philosopher, is the growing neglect of the home.

Marriage has become less frequent. It is difficult, it is thought, to find the ideal partner; or else it is alleged that wedded life is too expensive, too tame or too confusing. Many live the celibate life; too many pursue unlawful and shameful ways, and, if they have offspring, abandon them to the questionable mercies of the asylum, the doorstep or the professional adopter.

And where the home has been instituted lawfully and with profound interest, at the start, its founders too often cease before long to care for it. The golden halo that overarched it in the honeymoon wanes gradually away, and no new and more sober attractions are provided. Misunderstandings creep in, indifference increases, the ways of life of the inmates draw apart. The wife spends her time in fashionable entertainments and social enterprises. The husband busies himself in his office and his club. The home is but a sleeping place. At last, under the annoyances of housekeeping, even this goes.

The separate roof is exchanged for some huge caravansary. The children are sent away to school. The mother soon becomes but a dressmaker, without pay, to her child; and the father, a bank from which to extract as much money as possible. In the lower ranks of life the same tendencies result in disorders and mischiefs truly frightful. Drunkenness and quarrels make of the home a pandemonium from which the children often flee to the streets as the lesser evil. In the city of New York there are 10,000 defaced images of the Creator under fourteen years old, who have not where to lay their heads. In London 100,000 similar juvenile vagrants exist.

Plenty of excuses are offered for this neglect of home—the scarcity and poorness of servants; the poverty of parents; the system on which our business is conducted now-a-days. Unquestionably, our modern factory system, compelling the worker to leave his home for ten hours or more every day, taking the wife away from any adequate care of the house, separating the mother from the children, and fostering in the young boys and girls a precocious independence and brazen-facedness, is responsible for much of this modern neglect of home life among our working classes. But both among them and among the middle and higher classes there are thousands of deserted and uncared-for homes, for which there is no excuse. There are thousands of fathers who are strangers to their own offspring, though they sleep every night under the same roof. There are boys and girls in highest-priced schools who are as truly "homeless outcasts" as the juvenile vagrants of New York. Even in homes of luxury there are children who may as well be called abandoned as the babe dropped in the foundling basket—abandoned from beginning to end of the week to ignorant, reckless servants, bereft of the father's guidance, the mother's solicitude and love, the sympathy and companionship of any worthy guardian.

. . . . . .

This importance of a home life is a thing which the American people need imperatively to realize at the present time. We ought to struggle hard to save the home circle from mischievous disruptions. Let the business man choose the smaller salary where he can be with his family every evening, rather than the larger one that compels prolonged absences. Let the working woman be content

with lower wages for work which she can do at home, rather than seek for higher in the manufactory, leaving her children to shift for themselvest hrough the day as best they can. A parent ought to make great sacrifices to keep his children under his own roof while they are getting their education.

Even less permission to separate the family should be granted to amusement than to work. . . . . Better is it to find recreation in the home itself, and to make sure of the purity of the entertainment by enshrining it in the purity of the home.

There are many homes which seem somehow incompatible with such things. One would as soon expect to see a quadrille or impromptu charade in a church as in their stately and solemn parlors. But the true home should possess as its most essential trait that quality which there is no other word to describe it by, but which we all understand—homelikeness. It should possess the comfort, the liberty, the attraction, the restfulness which we all feel to be implied in the word Home. Many a man has a splendid mansion, but no home! Immaculately-kept rooms do not make a home, if there is nothing which man or boy may freely use without a domestic convulsion. Material comfort and bountiful tables do not make a home if there is no food to be had there for mind or soul. Elegant furnishings and all the appliances of a completely-equipped establishment still fall far short of it if love holds not its sway over all. The home is for use, not for show; a nest, not a prison; a nursery of the spirit, not a fattening pen for the body. Its perfection comes, not from outward finish, but from inner completeness. Its foundations must be laid in truth and affection. Its walls must be upheld by justice to young and old, and equal rights to both sexes. Its inmates, whether six or sixty years of age, are to be gentlemen and ladies. Whatever can unfold the finer blossoms of our humanity, and can make life sweeter, richer and nobler, may claim the home as its field. Rightly did Burns say—

"To make a happy home for weans and wife,
That's the pathos and sublime of human life."

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THE smile of God and the peace of conscience will more than counterbalance a universe of frowns.

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### THE FEMALE ASSOCIATION OF PHILADELPHIA FOR THE RELIEF OF THE SICK AND INFIRM POOR WITH CLOTHING, ETC.

In presenting to our friends our Forty-eighth Annual Report, our thanks go to them for their ready and generous response to our call for aid for the poor, the sick and suffering in our midst. Through you warmth, comfort and cheer have gone to homes where the shadows of want rested heavily, and where hearts, sorrow laden, have been made glad by your benevolence.

Remembering your kindness from year to year with gratitude, we feel encouraged to ask you again, on behalf of these less favored children of our loving Father (believing, too, the desired aid will be extended), to withhold not from them a share of the good gifts with which he has blest you.

This association has no salaried officers; rooms are furnished us free of charge, and we distribute our garments and work to the poor irrespective of creed or color.

We have appropriated $1,008.65 of our receipts for material, which was used for 2,679 garments, for making a portion of which $513.54 was paid to worthy applicants for sewing.

Subscriptions and donations in money may be sent to any of the members, or forwarded directly to the Treasurer.

Donations in goods, trimmings, shoes, etc., may be addressed to the "Female Association," etc., care of Isaac N. Wells, No. 152, North Fifteenth street.

Anne M. Needles, President, S. W. corner Twelfth and Race streets; Elizabeth J. Ferris, Treasurer, 937 Franklin street; Patience J. Needles, Secretary, 1501 Green street.

*Twelfth month*, 1877.

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## ITEMS.

THE French Academy of Moral Sciences has elected Ralph Waldo Emerson to be one of its foreign associates.

THE steamship *Atacama* was totally wrecked on the Chilian coast, near Caldera, on the evening of Eleventh month 30. Of 130 persons on board 101 are reported lost.

THE Japanese National Exposition at Tokio was closed by the Emperor on the 30th of Eleventh month, after "one hundred days of uninterrupted success."

ARRANGEMENTS have been made by the Grand Trunk Railroad for a new fortnightly line of steamers between Portland, Me., and Glasgow. Five steamers will carry on the service, which will begin immediately.

PROF. HENRY, of the Smithsonian Institution, reports that Prof. Forester, of Berlin, announces the discovery by Palisa, on the 29th of last month, of a planet of the eleventh magnitude in 7 hours 8 minutes right ascension, 39 degrees 37 minutes north declination, possibly Eva.

OUR Consul at Cadiz informs the State Department of the establishment of a line of English steamers to ply between Cadiz and New York, under the title of the "Fruit Merchant Steamship Association." These steamers will stop at Cadiz only when they have a sufficient cargo from the United States.

A CABLE despatch states that the cholera has ap-

peared at Jeddah and Mecca. As this is about the time when tens of thousands of prilgrims are returning, the outbreak of this plague must endanger the lives of the inhabitants of many different countries. It may be safely estimated that not less than 100,000 strangers were at Mecca when the cholera first made it appearance.

South Africa.—A special to the London *Times*, dated from Cape Town, on the 11th ult., says, "Sir Bartle Frere told a deputation that he considered the situation on the Caffre frontier extremely dangerous, and that he had written home for troops. Every available soldier and the sailors from the man-of-war *Active* left Cape Town for the Caffre frontier on the 10th inst."

Postage Stamps.—With a view to obtaining an additional safeguard against the fraudulent practice of "washing" canceled postage stamps, the Postmaster General has directed specimens of the one, two and three cent denominations to be prepared with enclosed borders of white around the rest of the designs. The adoption of these new styles will probably be officially ordered at an early day.

Arrangements have been made by the Post-office Department for a fast tri-weekly mail to the West Indies. It will go from New York by way of the Atlantic Coast Railroad line to Savannah, but the Department has not yet decided whether it shall be sent by steamer from Savannah to Fernandina, or by rail from Savannah to Baldwin, and thence to Cedar Keys. By either route the schedule time will be about the same. It is expected that the time between New York and Havana will be reduced to 88½ hours.

On the 2d of this month the screw steamship *Mercedita*, Captain William Jackaway, commander, sailed from Willow street wharf, Philadelphia, for Brazil. She had on board 227 persons, comprising railway laborers, wood choppers, diggers and other workmen who were engaged by the Messrs. Collins to build the Madeira and Metamore railway, in Brazil. Her cargo principally consisted of 1,636 iron rails, 30 feet in length, 46,000 pounds of fish plates, flanges, switches and other material used in the construction of a railroad. In all her cargo was estimated at 1,000 tons. Those in command of the engineer corps are Messrs. C. M. Bird, C. M. Buckholtz, Amos Stiles, John Runk and Wm. White. Of these Mr. Stiles has had a long and practical experience in the construction of railroads in the far West and in the Mexican territory.—*Public Ledger*.

The Eastern War.—The following European advices have been received:

A London telegram, dated on the 5th inst., says: "A despatch from Constantinople, received at Paris, states that if Russia rejects mediation Turkey will await the meeting of the British Parliament before making direct overtures to Russia."

A telegram from Gen. Gourko announces that a desperate engagement occurred on 2d inst., near Bograd. The Turks attempted to surround five battalions of Russian infantry and a brigade of cavalry, but were defeated, leaving a thousand dead on the field. The Russians lost 200 men.

The Russian detachment under Gen. Dandeville, which supported Gen. Gourko in his movement over the Balkans, had 53 men frozen to death in one night, and 820 frost-bitten.

Reuter's despatch from Syra says M. Tricoupis, Greek Minister of Foreign Affairs, has demanded of the Powers the admission of Greece to a Congress preliminary to the conclusion of peace. It is said Lord Derby has recognized as just Greece's claim to admission, if other secondary States are admitted. Italy has likewise replied favorably. Server Pasha, Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, has sent a note to London protesting against the participation of Greece.

## NOTICES.

Abington First-day School Union meets to-morrow (First-day) afternoon, First month 13th, at 2½ o'clock, in Upper Dublin Meeting-house.

Friends of the cause, both within and without its limits, are invited. Alvan Haines, *Clerk pro tem.*

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

1 mo. 22, Western, at London Grove, Pa.
24, Caln, at East Caln, Pa.
Westbury, at New York city.
29, Concord, at West Chester. Pa.
30, Purchase, at Purchase, N. Y.

## REVIEW OF THE MARKETS for the Week ending First month 8, 1878.

STOCK MARKET.
Reported by Howard W. Lippincott, Stock Broker, 201 Walnut place.

| | |
|---|---|
| Gold | 102⅝@102⅞ |
| State 6s 2d series | 103 @ |
| State 6s 3d series | 111 @ |
| State 5s new loan | 108¼@ |
| Cincinnati 7—30 | 98⅝@ 98⅝ |
| City 6s new | 111¼@113 |
| City 6s old | 103 @106 |
| Belv & Del 1st mtg 6s | 103 @ |
| Camd & Amb mtg 6s '89 | 109¼@109½ |
| Catawissa new 7s | 104½@ |
| Del & Bound Brook RR 7s | 98 @ |
| Lehigh Valley 1st mtg 6s | 108¾@ |
| Nth Penn 2d mtg 7s | 113 @ |
| Phil & Erie 1st m 6s | 103¼@ |
| Phil & Erie RR 7s | 99 @ |
| Penna RR 1st mtg 6s | 106¾@ |
| Penna & N Y Canal 7s | 111¼@112 |
| Reading RR 7s '93 | 112 @ |
| R C & St Louis RR 7s | 82½@ 83 |
| Northern Central R R | 16½@ |
| North Penna RR | 37½@ |
| Northern Pacific prfd | 12¾@ |
| Pennsylvania RR | 32⅝@ 33⅝ |
| Reading RR | 15¾@ 17¼ |
| United RRs of New Jersey | 120 @122½ |
| West Chester RR | 58½@ |
| Lehigh Navigation | 18¼@ 19 |
| Lehigh Valley RR | 39¼@ 40¼ |

PRODUCE MARKET—WHOLESALE.
Reported by J. H. Roberts & Bros., Commission Merchants, 248 No. Delaware avenue.
*Subject to Market fluctuations.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Butter, Prints, | per lb. | 30@ | 34 |
| Rolls, Pa. & West'n, | " | 20@ | 23 |
| South Ohio & Ind... | " | 22@ | 24 |
| N. Y. State Firkins, | " | 25@ | 27 |
| Eggs—Fresh, per doz | | 24@ | 25 |
| Western, | " | 22@ | 23 |
| Poultry—Chickens, per lb | | 12@ | 14 |
| Turkeys, | " | 12@ | 15 |
| Ducks, | " | 11@ | 12 |
| Geese, | " | 8@ | 9 |
| Lard, prime, | " | 8@ | 9 |
| Live Calves, prime Milch | | 5½@ | 7½ |
| Live Cattle, per lb | | 3@ | 5 |
| Prime Sheep, | " | 4@ | 5 |
| Spring Lambs, per head | | 3 00@ | 4 00 |
| Potatoes, white, per bbl | | 2 00@ | 2 50 |
| Jersey sweet, | " | 2 25@ | 2 50 |
| Apples, per bbl | | 3 00@ | 4 00 |
| Cranberries, per crate | | 1 25@ | 1 50 |
| Cabbage, per 100 | | 1 50@ | 2 00 |
| Wool, tub-washed, per lb | | 37@ | 40 |
| Feathers, choice live geese | | 40@ | 46 |
| Cheese, N Y Factory, per lb | | 12@ | 13½ |
| " Western, | " | 11@ | 13 |
| Buckwheat flour, per 100 | | 2 75@ | 3 00 |
| Cider Vinegar, per gal | | 14@ | 16 |

First mo. 8th.—There is a fair inquiry for Live Chickens. Dressed scarce, as usual after the holidays, and really fancy stock when offered finds sale at outside quotations. Dressed Chickens and Turkeys to sell well should be fat, nicely handled, dry picked, with their craws empty, packed in clean straw.

Choice Calves in demand at full figures. Fat Sheep in fair demand.

Grain.—There is very little demand for wheat, the local trade operating sparingly, prices here being too high for shippers. Sales of 400 bush. Pennsylvania red, good, at $1.40½; Penna. do., choice, at $1.44; 1600 bush. No. 2 red, in the elevator, at $1.38½; 2000 bush. Iowa spring at $1 25, and white at $1.46@1.48. Rye is steady and quiet at 68@73c. The offerings of Oats are moderate, and a good demand prevails at full prices. Sales of 10,000 bush. Western white at 37½@38½c. for good and choice, and 1400 bush. do. mixed at 36c. Commercial exchange, open board, Corn was in demand at a decline. The receipts are only moderate, but with large supplies ahead the market closed weak and fully 1c. lower, with a moderate demand from the local trade, and not much inquiry from shippers.

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 12th, 1878. No. 47



**FRIENDS' CENTRAL**

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Merinoes and Cashmeres in all colors.
Mohairs, Bombazines, Poplins, Etc.
Book Muslin Handkerchiefs and Cap Materials of all kinds.
Long and Square Bound Blanket and Thibet Merino Shawls.
Neat Figured Percals.

**N. NEWLIN STOKES, JR.**

N. B.—A full line of Underwear for Men, Women and Children.

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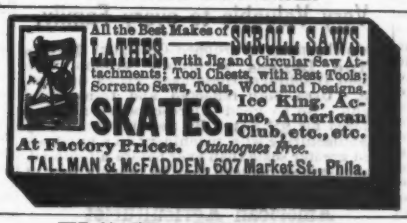


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